

SIRENS

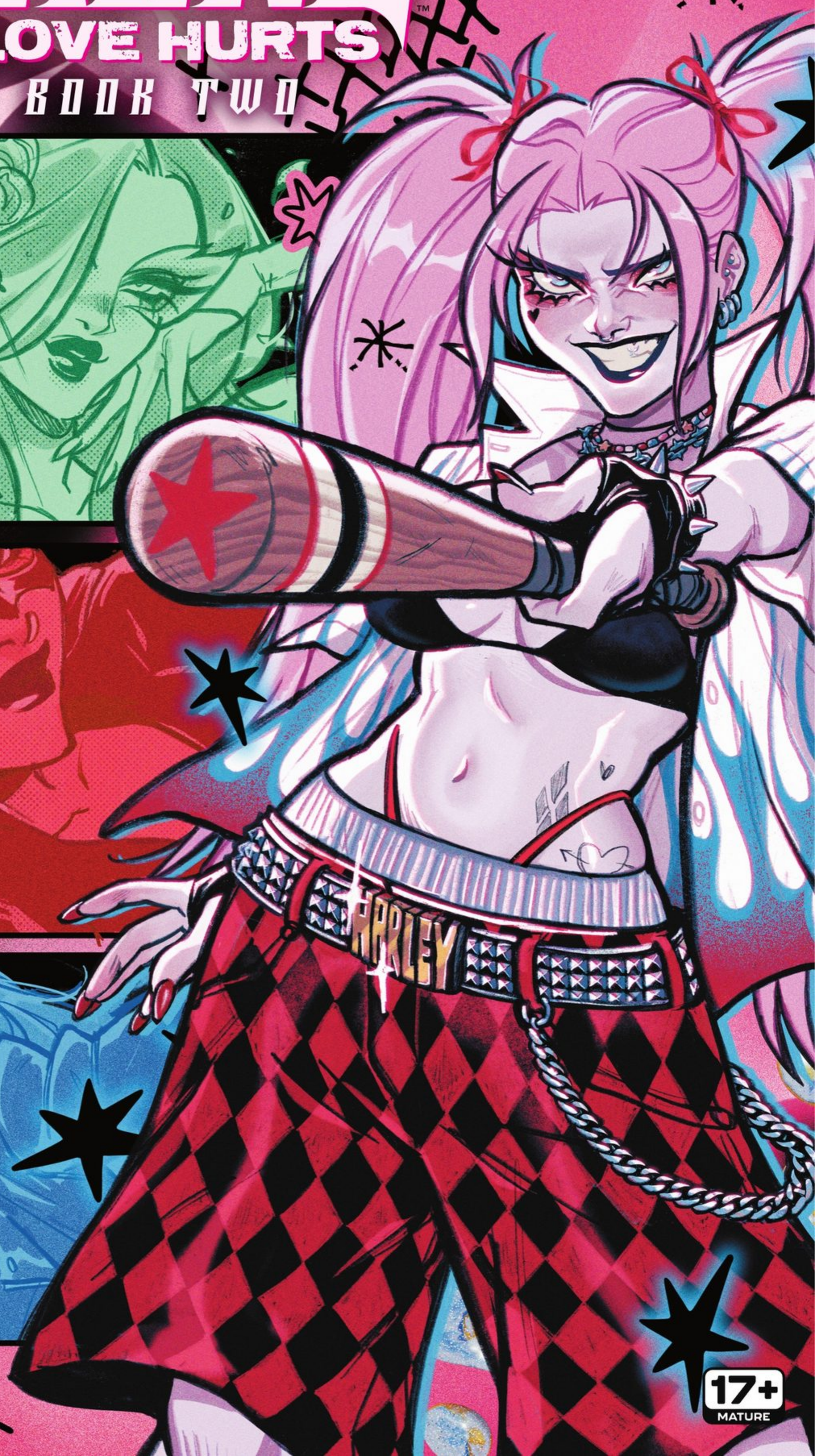
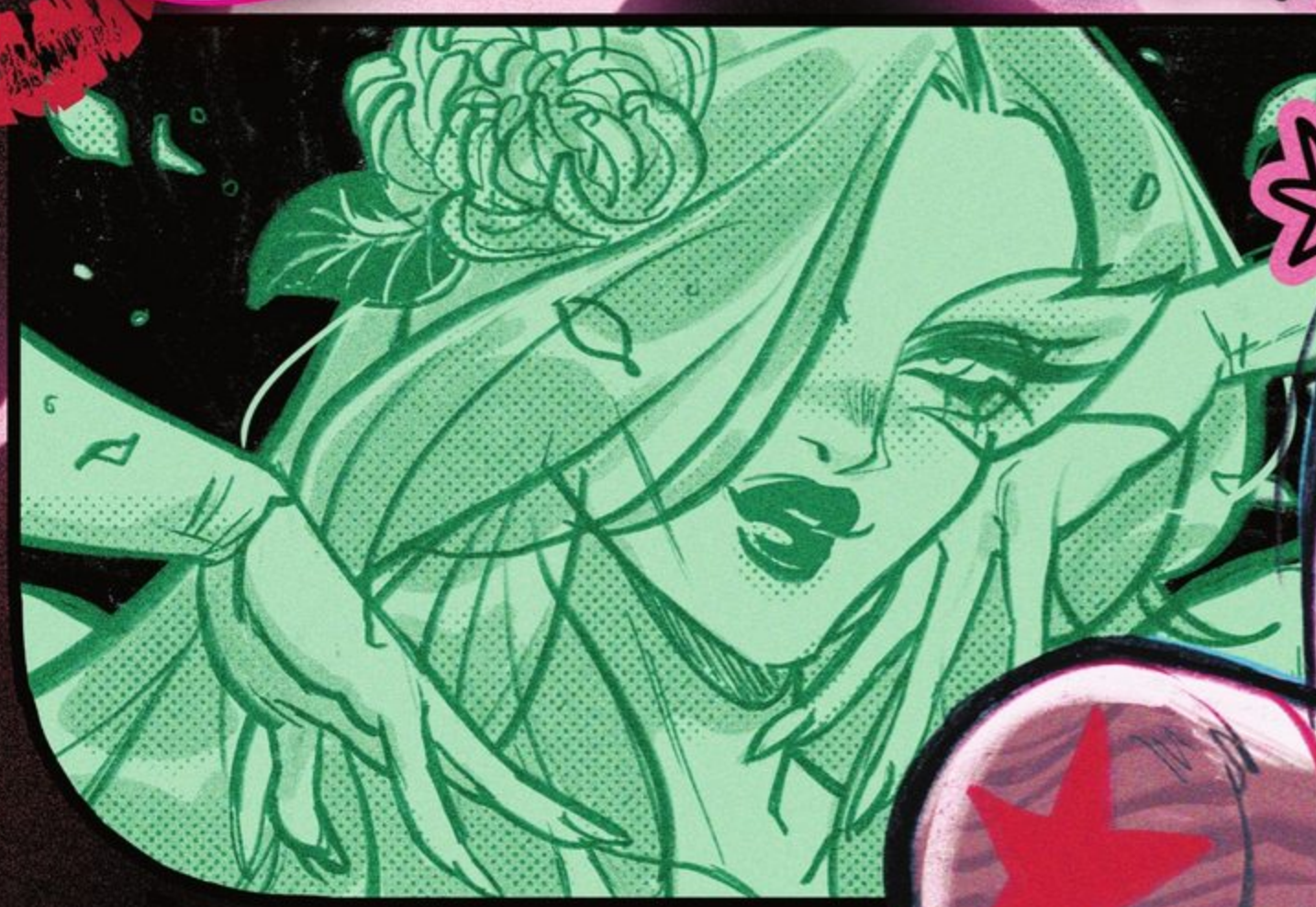
LOVE HURTS

BOOK TWO

TINI HOWARD
BABS TARR
MIQUEL MUERTO



BLACK
LABEL



babs tarr

17+
MATURE

SIRENS

LOVE HURTS

BOOK TWO

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writer

BABS TARR
artist & cover

MIQUEL MUERTO
colorist

BECCA CAREY
letterer

XANTHE BOUMA
breakdowns

DERRICK CHEW
variant cover

TULA LOTAY
connecting variant cover



**BLACK
LABEL**



NEXT
LEVEL

MARCH

FROM THE EISNER-NOMINATED TEAM OF
WRITER **SKOTTIE YOUNG** AND ARTIST **JORGE CORONA**

LOBO

#1



© & TM DC.

THE MAIN MAN'S BACK, BABY!

AUGUST 25

OLLIE SAID HIS FAMILY HAD, UH, SUGGESTIONS.

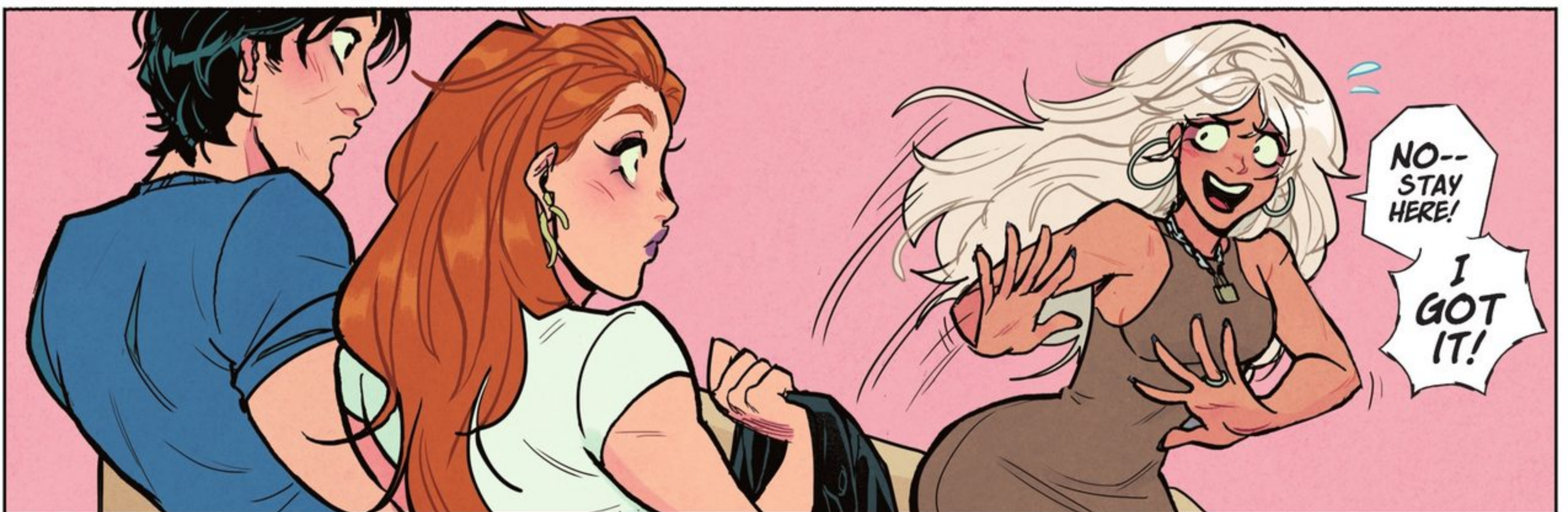
NOTHING STRAPLESS... NOTHING SHORTER THAN TEA LENGTH...

THOSE RULES ARE OUTDATED, DINAH. WEAR A SUIT!

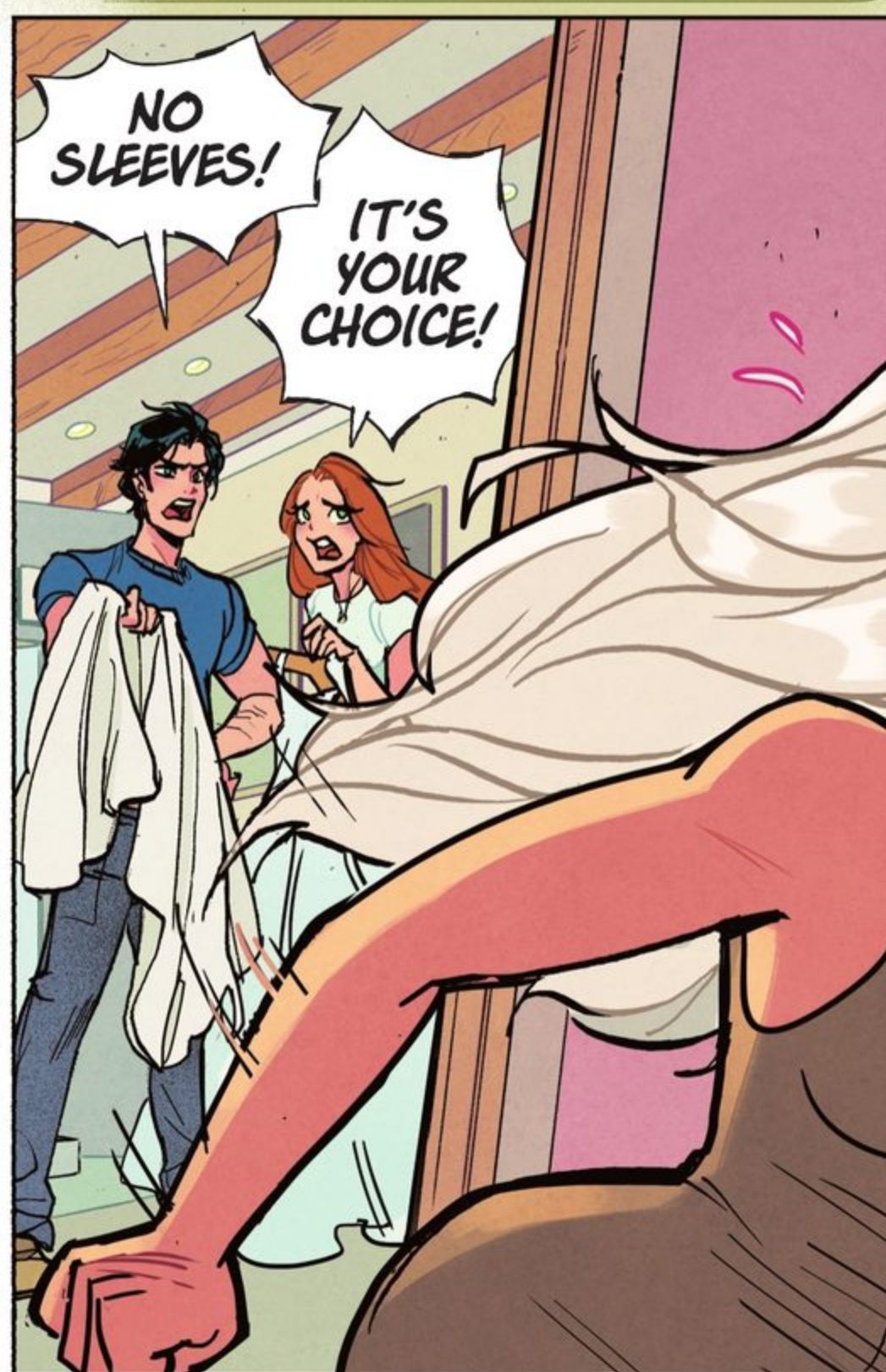
DO THEY MAKE WHITE FISHNETS?

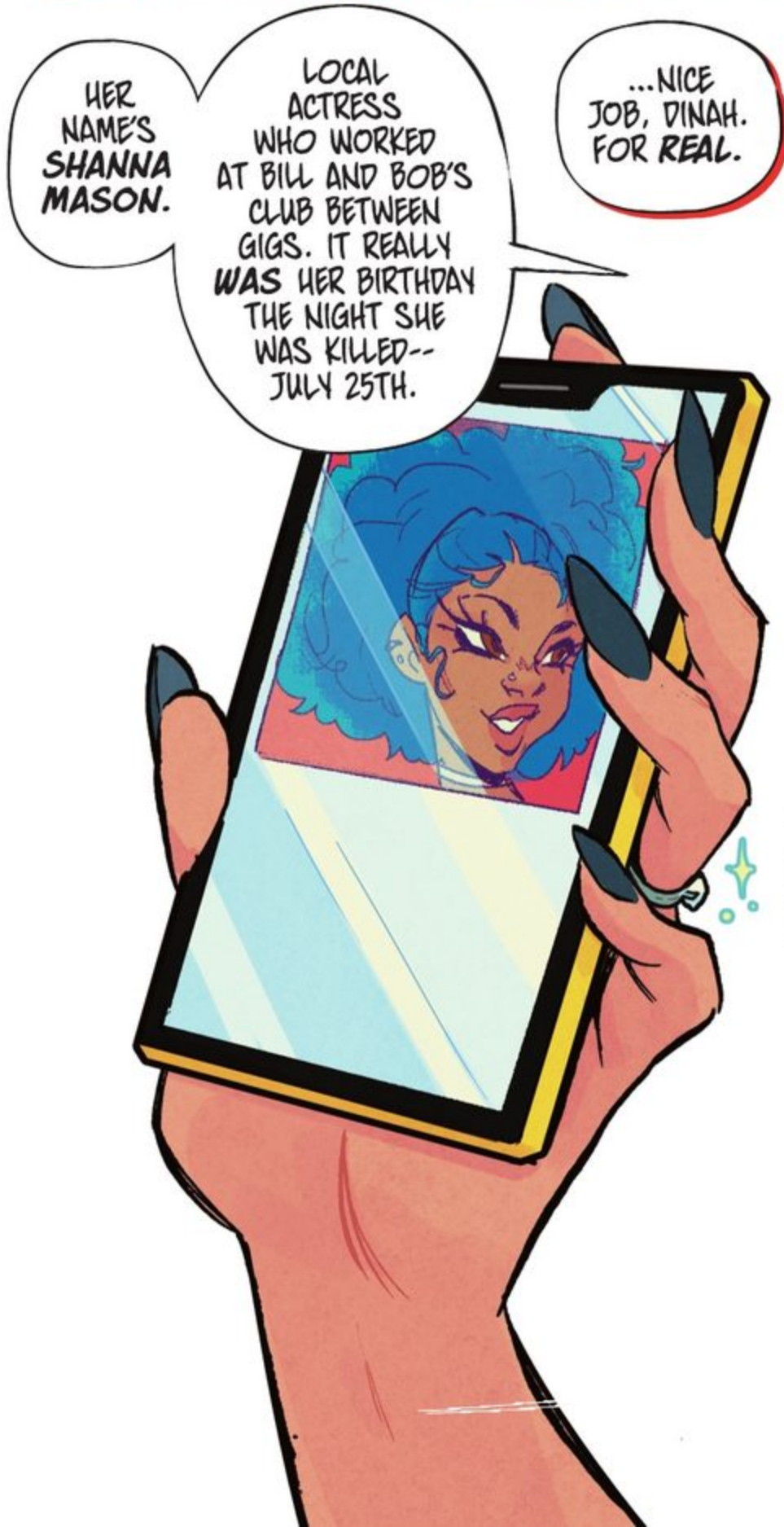
YOU CAN WEAR A WHITE SUIT OR FISHNETS ANY NIGHT. YOU ONLY GET TO WEAR A WEDDING DRESS ONCE.

AND IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T COVER UP THOSE BICEPS.

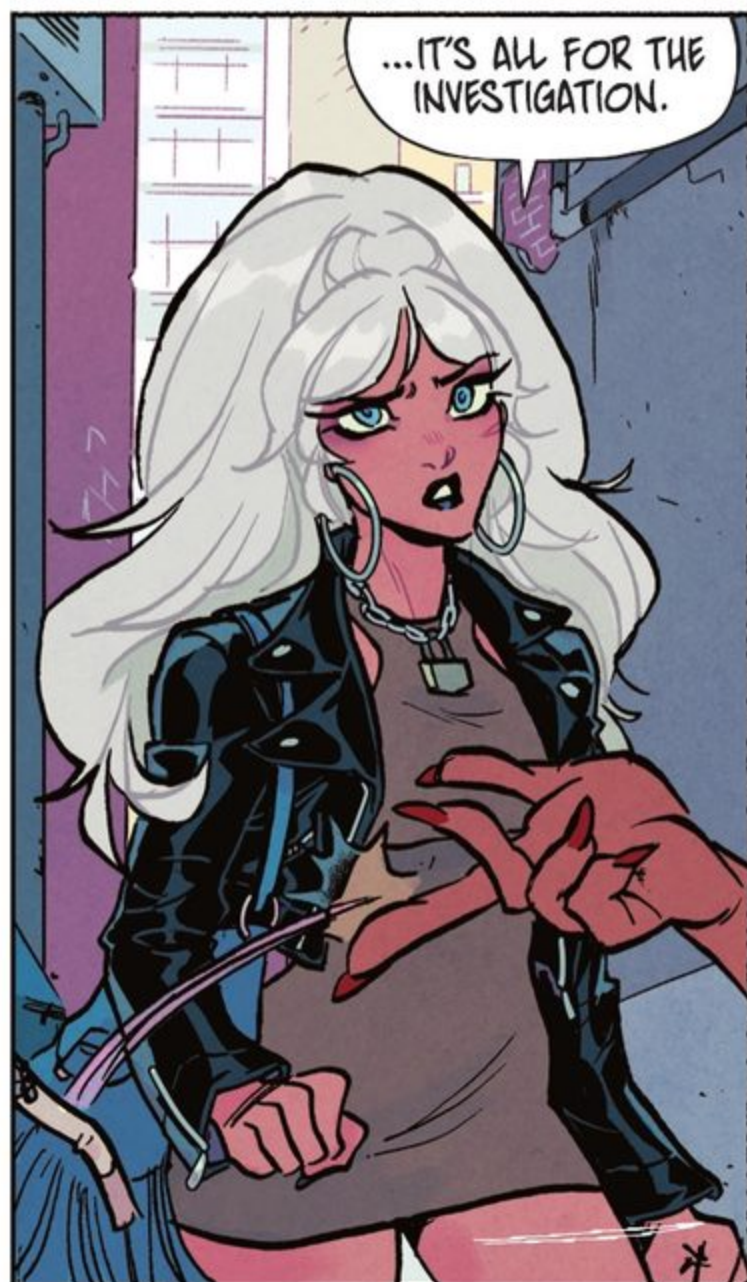














GENTLEMEN,
GO WAIT AT
THE CORNER
FOR THE
DRIVER.

YOU
OKAY, BOSS?
YOU WANT US
TO DOUBLE
BACK?

NO NEED,
FELLAS...



...WE'LL PUT
SOMETHING ON
THE CALENDAR
FOR LATER.



NOT TODAY, SIRENS!

SLAM
BLAM
BLAM

STAY LOW!

HSSSS!

DON'T MOVE, LADIES.

ONE SQUEEZE AND THE THREE OF YOU DON'T SEE TOMORROW.

MY VINES WILL RIP YOU LIMB FROM LIMB--

BEFORE I'VE WASTED ONE OF YOUR GIRLFRIENDS?

NOT LIKELY.

TELL ME WHO SENT YOU AFTER ME AND I'LL LET YOU LIVE.

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY



NO ONE HIRED US. WE'RE HERE FOR ANSWERS.

TELL US WHY YOU'RE KILLIN' THE WOMEN OF GOTHAM!



WHAT?







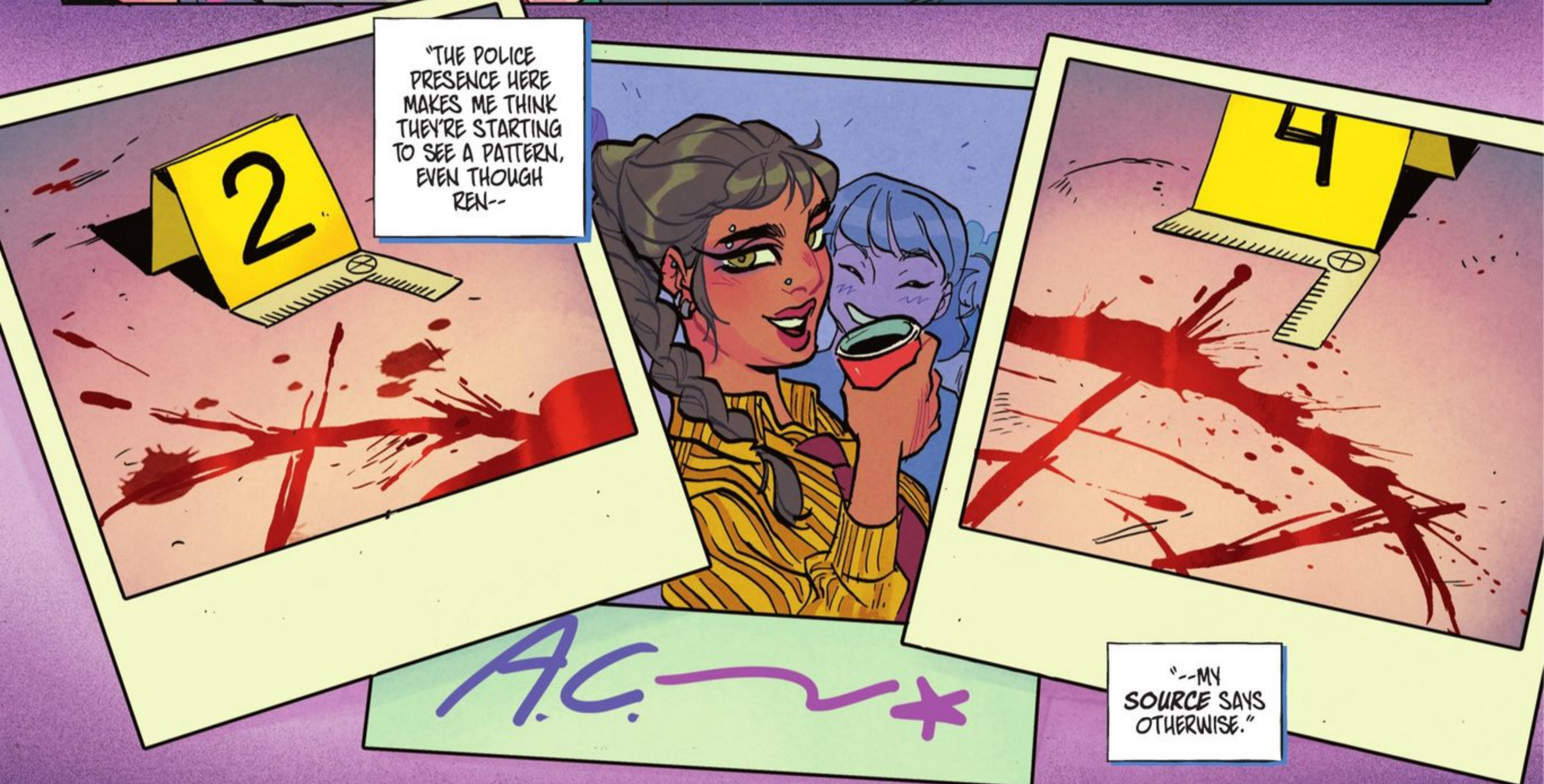


CORONER
TOOK HER AWAY,
BUT I **THINK** THIS
MIGHT'VE BEEN THE
NEXT **VICTIM**
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR.

I CAN'T
BE CERTAIN,
BUT IT WAS
A YOUNG
WOMAN--

HER
NAME'S
**AUBREY
CRAFT.**

THE BLOOD
SMEARS, IN
A CIRCLE...



"THE POLICE
PRESENCE HERE
MAKES ME THINK
THEY'RE STARTING
TO SEE A PATTERN,
EVEN THOUGH
REN--

--MY
SOURCE SAYS
OTHERWISE."



OOOOOOO,
"MY SOURCE."

THAT'S
MYSTERIOUS,
CANARY.

YOU
HAVE
YOURS,
I HAVE
MINE.

NOW
THAT I'M
REALLY
LOOKING
AT IT...



...I'VE BEEN
ASSUMING THE
BLOOD SMEARS
WERE FROM THE
VICTIM'S HANDS.
STRUGGLING
AS THEY'RE
DYING.

BUT
LOOK--



WAP!

HEEHEE!



THESE ARE WHAT SLIDING HANDPRINTS LOOK LIKE-- NOTHING AT ALL LIKE THOSE LINES IN THE BLOOD.



THOSE LINES ARE DELIBERATE. THEY MEAN SOMETHING!

THIS KILLER HAS A RITUAL.



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. AND IN GOTHAM, THE COPS DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES TO DEDICATE TO SOMETHING THIS INTRICATE. I THINK IT FALLS TO US.

YEAH, THE LAST THING THIS CITY NEEDS IS ANOTHER FREAK VILLAIN HAVIN' THEIR DEBBIE DEBUTANTE MOMENT.



SO WE KEEP OUR EARS TO THE GROUND AND STOP THEM.

I'LL SEE IF THE GCPD FORENSICS LAB FINDS ANYTHING.

AND I'LL COLLECT INFORMATION ON AUBREY AND ANALYZE IT.

CATWOMAN, YOU MUST HAVE SOURCES...?



YEAH, CATWOMAN ALWAYS HAS A WAY OF GETTIN' INFO OUTTA BATMAN--

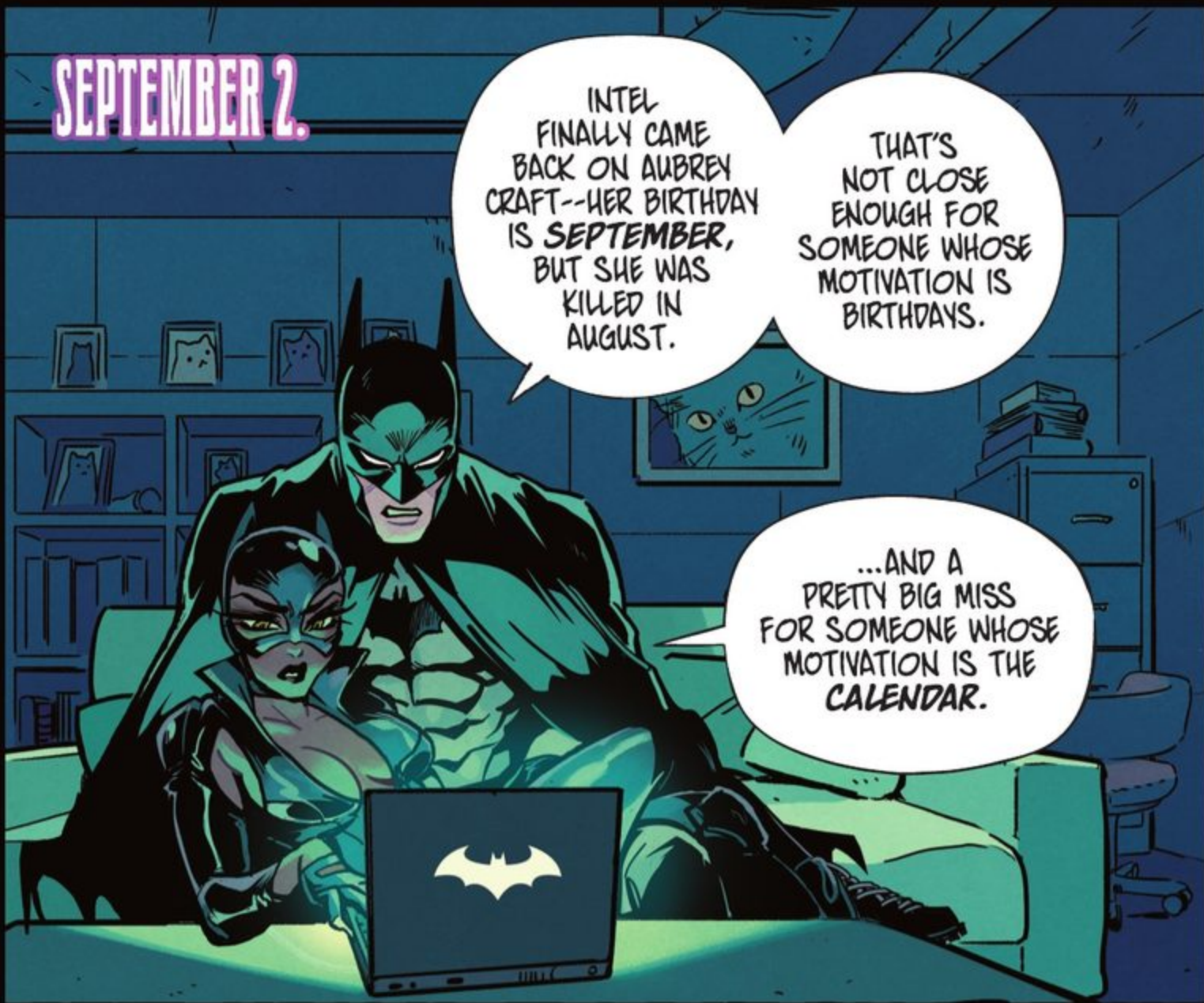
SHHHHH, I HAVE OTHER SOURCES--

THIS IS THE GCPD!

YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON A CRIME SCENE!



DON'T MAKE US COME UP THERE!





ALL
RIGHT, DARK
KNIGHT...



WHERE
ARE YOU--

I
HAVE A
DATE.

WITH
WHOM?



SOME
YOUNG
MONEY
MAN.

YOU'D
KNOW HIM
FROM THE
TABLOIDS IF
I SAID HIS
NAME, SO
I WON'T.



...IF
YOU NEED
SOMETHING,
TELL ME.



STAY.

WE
HAVE
WORK
TO DO.

OCTOBER 16.

HAPPY ENGAGEMENT,
OLLIE AND DINAH!

WOW, DINAH,
THAT RING IS
GORGEOUS.

WHO DO
YOU HAVE
PLANNING?

UH...
MOSTLY
MY FRIEND
DICK...

YOUR FRIEND
WHO?

I USED
CLAUDIA AT
CHAMPAGNE
SALON FOR
MY BIG DAY.
SHE WAS THE
BEST.

OH,
WITH THE
MASON
JARS?

I.
LOVE.
MASON
JARS.

==GROAN==

I'M SO
BAD AT
THIS.

IF THEY
ASK ABOUT
THE WEDDING
COLORS, THEY'RE
A CLASSIC TUXEDO
BLACK AND CREAM
WHITE--WITH
SPRINGN YELLOW
AND GREEN FOR
ACCENTS!

IF THEY
ASK IF YOU'RE
CHANGING YOUR
NAME, DISTRACT
THEM BY TALKING
ABOUT YOUR WORK
WITH QUEEN
INDUSTRIES'
CHARITY
PROGRAMS!

UGGH,
NOT MORE
ADVICE...

HEEHEE--
WHAT IF
IT'S ADVICE
FROM
USSSS?

NO.

NO?

I'D LOVE
TO SINK MY
FLYTRAPS INTO
SOME OF THESE
CAPITALIST
PIGS.

GLUG





"...THIS MURDER INVESTIGATION MIGHT BE THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME SANE."

UGH. IS EVERYONE IN THIS CITY FREAKIN' DICK-DIZZY? WHY CAN'T WE GET SELINA TO RESPOND TO NOTHIN'?

EVEN DINAH'S TOO BUSY TASTIN' CAKE TO CALL US BACK!



IT DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS A COINCIDENCE THAT THEY'RE BOTH DATING THE ONE PERCENT.

MONEY MAKES PEOPLE DO CRAZY THINGS.

BUT WE DON'T NEED THEM. LET'S GO OVER OUR NOTES AGAIN.



ALL THIS PAPER...IT'S SUCH A WASTE, AND I CAN'T TELL WHAT'S WH--

HARLEY, DID YOU DRAW ON THESE?



NOOOOOO, IT'S NOT DONE YET!



DID YOU DRAW COMICS ON THESE?

YOU HATE WHEN I WASTE PAPER, SO I USED THE BACKS OF THE CRIME SCENE PICCIES!



HAR-LEY, THESE ARE PICTURES OF VICTIMS.

...AND I DOODLED ON THE FRONTS, TOO.

IT HELPS ME THINK!



THE BLOOD BENEATH THE BODIES... SOMEONE'S PAINTING IT LIKE THAT ON PURPOSE.

A CIRCLE... A WHEEL... IT COULD BE A CALENDAR. BUT JULIAN DAY ISN'T THE KILLER.



I STARTED PLAYIN' CONNECT-THE-DOTS WITH THE STAB WOUNDS.



SOME A'THEM I COULDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE OF, BUT THIS ONE... NOW THAT'S FUNNY.

IT'S A BIG OL' WIENER.



HARLEY--YOU FIGURED IT OUT! CONNECTING THE DOTS, THE STAB WOUNDS--

IT'S A CONSTELLATION!

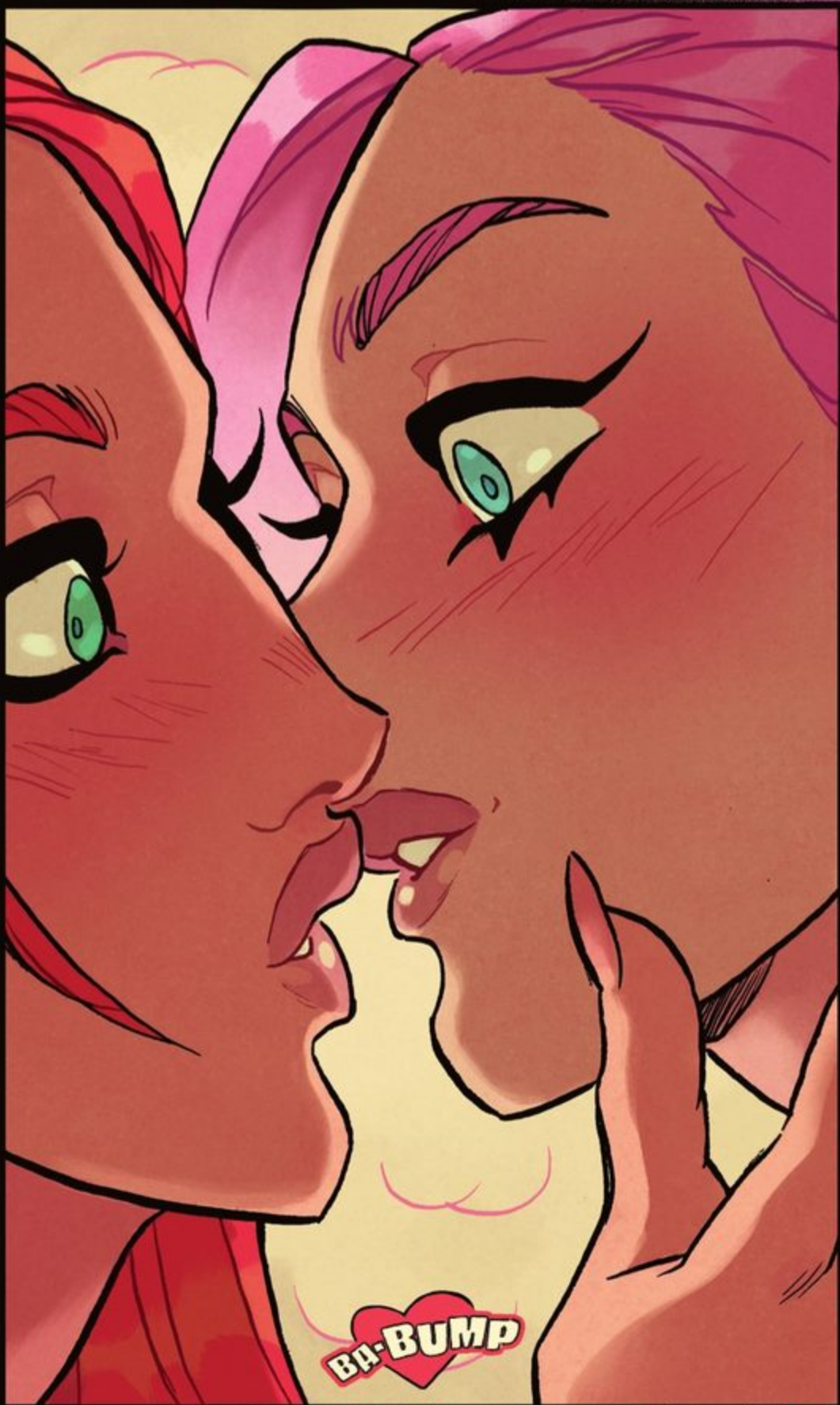
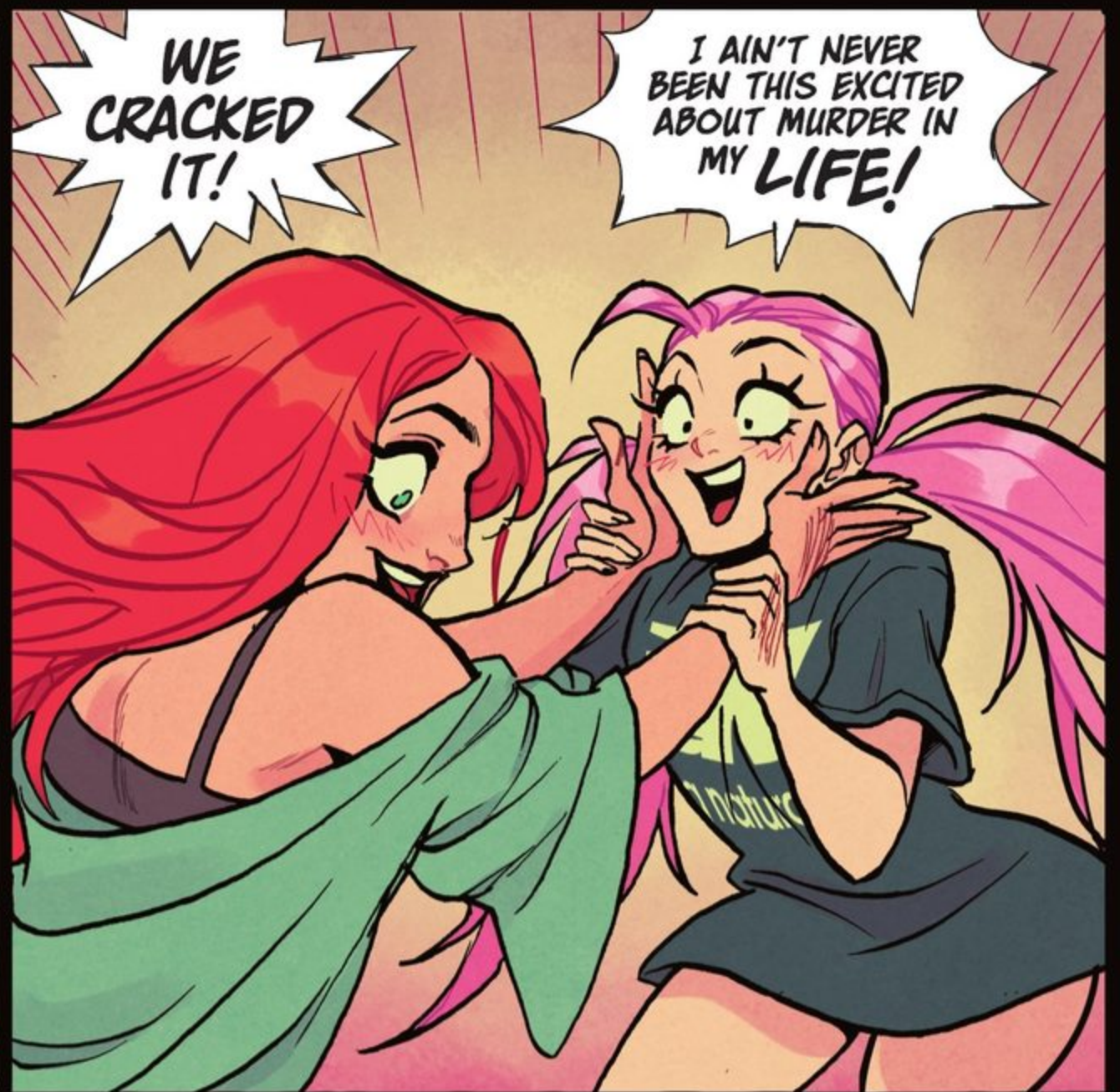


WAIT, WAIT, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

I GOT IT--!

THEIR BIRTHDAYS-- IT'S THEIR ZODIAC SIGNS!

AND STAB WOUNDS FROM A STILETTO LIKE THAT--THEY'RE CALLED STELLATE WOUNDS! THEY'RE **STAR SHAPED!**





BEEP BA BEE--

HELLO?!
WHO IS
THIS?!

IT'S
DINAH.
REMEMBER
ME?

OR DID
YOU DECIDE
YOU DIDN'T CARE
ABOUT THIS
CASE ANYMORE
AFTER I HAD TO
SAVE YOUR
LIVES?



EXCUSE
ME, WHILE
YOU'RE AT
ANOTHER TAPAS
SAMPLING, WE'VE
BEEN SPENDING
OUR NIGHT IN,
EXAMINING
EVIDENCE!

WELL,
I'VE BEEN
SETTING UP A
SHOW AT LIGHTS
ON HALLOWEEN!
SO WE CAN
INVESTIGATE!



WE
ALREADY
LOOKED
THERE.

WE
FOUND A
BODY THERE,
IVY. AND RITUAL
KILLERS OFTEN
RETURN TO THE
SITE OF THEIR
CRIMES.

ARE YOU
COMING OR
NOT?



YOU'RE
INVITING
ME AND
HARLS? NO
SELINA?

WAIT, THAT
SOUNDS LIKE
FUN...!

PASS THE
INVITE ALONG
IF YOU CAN
FIND HER. I
CAN'T GET HER
TO RESPOND
TO ME!



THAT'S
IT!

WAIT,
SHE'S
BLOWING
US ALL
OFF?

I'M
CALLIN' TILL
SHE PICKS
UP. DICK-
DIZZY, I
TELL YA!

BEEP
BOOP
BEEP
BOOP
BEEP
BOOP



I SAID TAKE YOUR MASK OFF.

NOT BEFORE YOU DO.

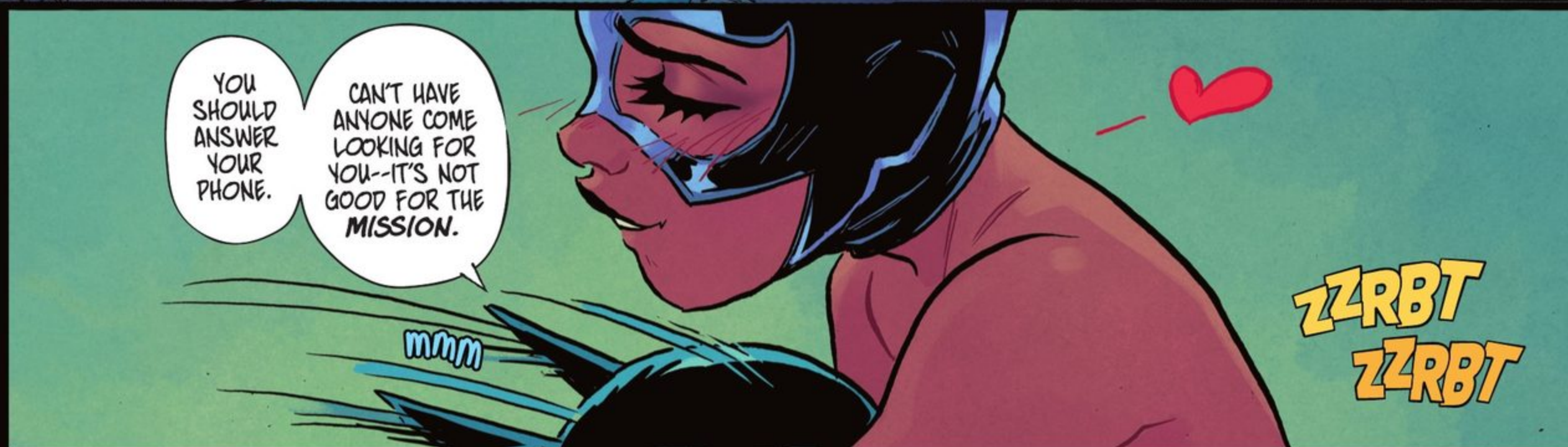
ZZRBT
ZZRBT



YOU BETTER DO WHAT I SAY.

TUG

ZZRBT
ZZRBT



YOU SHOULD ANSWER YOUR PHONE.

CAN'T HAVE ANYONE COME LOOKING FOR YOU--IT'S NOT GOOD FOR THE MISSION.

mmm

ZZRBT
ZZRBT



HARLEY! WHAT DO YOU WANT!

IT'S NOT JUST ME!



IT'S ALL OF US.

NO ONE'S HEARD FROM YOU FOR WEEKS AND THERE'S BEEN A BREAK IN THE CASE.



WAIT, WHAT KIND OF BREAK?!

HAVEN'T HEARD FROM ME?

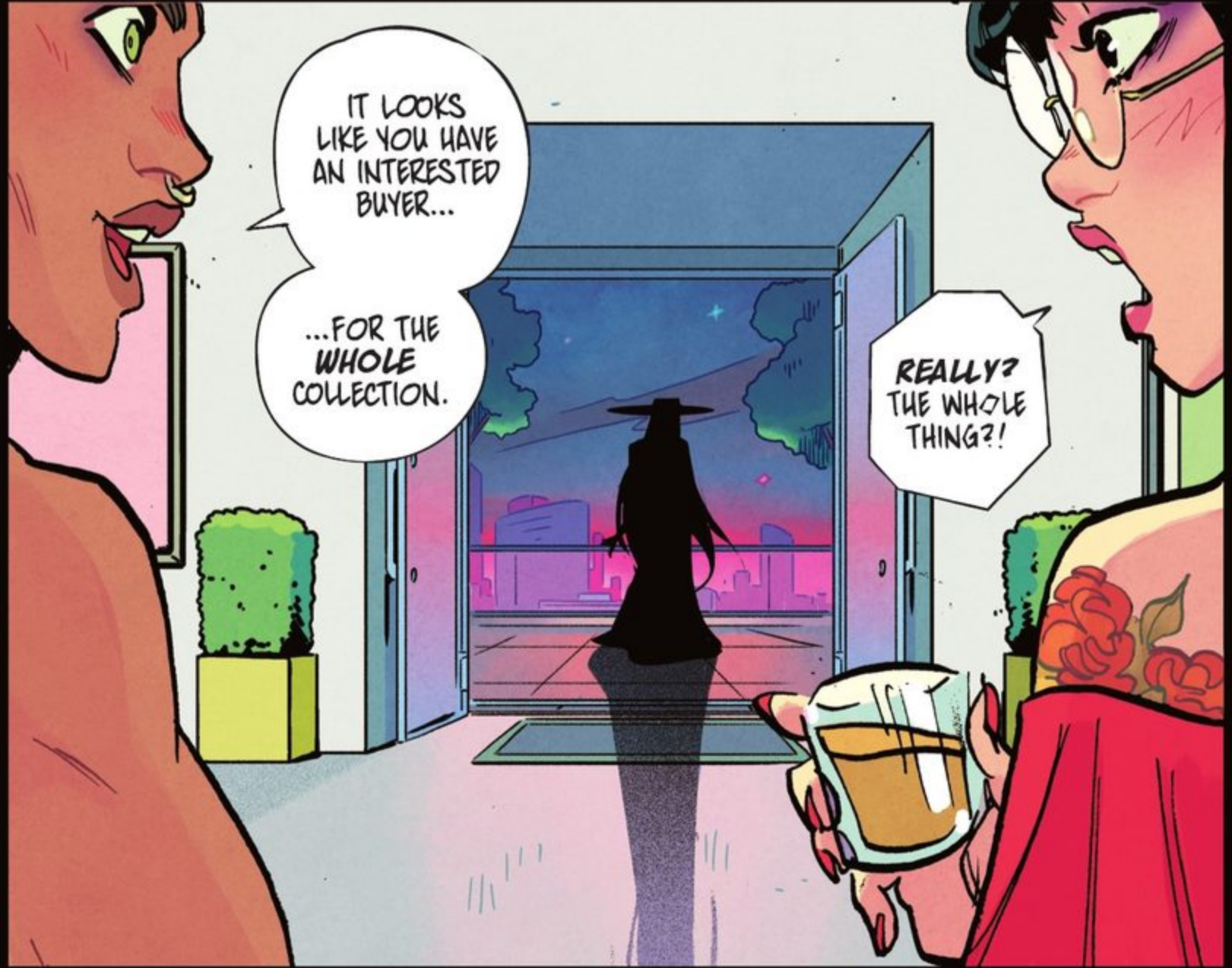
BATMAN AND I IDENTIFIED THE WOMAN IN THE BAR A WEEK AGO.

SHE'S A THERAPIST. JULIE BILLINGS WAS A PATIENT OF HERS...



I COULD SWEAR I'D SENT YOU ALL THE INTEL.

WE DIDN'T GET IT! WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ABOUT IT?!





WAAAAHHH







"...BUT IT'S ABOUT TO BE A CREEPY HALLOWEEN SEASON IN GOTHAM."

WELLLL, HOW WAS MY SHOW?

GOOD ENOUGH THAT YOU CAN STOP PRETENDING YOU'RE INVITING US FOR **CRIME-SOLVING REASONS**.

EVERYONE DRINK UP! I'M **SPOOKED AS HECK**, IT'S HALLOWEEN, AND THERE'S A HOROSCOPE-THEMED SERIAL-KILLER-MOMMY-THERAPIST ON THE LOOSE.

YEAH, I NEED A SHOT TO DEAL WITH THAT.



THERE'S NO WAY SHE'S **DONE**, RIGHT?

I THINK MISS HOROSCOPE'S FUCKED IT UP, HASN'T SHE? NO **LIBRA**--WE SAVED EMILY'S LIFE.



LET'S JUST GO CHECK THE ALLEY FOR ANY CHANGES, THEN WE CAN GET SOME DRINKS.

THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE SHE GOT SOMEONE ELSE WE AIN'T **FOUND** YET...

UGH...I DON'T WANNA FIND A BODY ON HALLOWEEN!

HOLD ON. HUSH FOR A SEC.



"IS THAT... **HER?**"







CIAO.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, YES? YOUR LITTLE PARTY?

I AM NOT IMPRESSED.



DROP THE GIRL!

NOW.

I KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THAT VOICE OF YOURS, DINAH LANCE.

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AGAIN, BELLA, AND I KILL THE GIRL.

UHG-- HELP--



WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR HER LIFE, PORTIA?

THAT IS YOUR NAME, RIGHT? PORTIA CELESTINE?

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN TALKING TO YOU WITCHES. JUST TELL ME ONE THING--





I GOT YOU!

WUMP



CIAO.



WHAT THE FUCK?! A PIT ESCAPE?!



MONTOYA-- SUSPECT IS IN THE TUNNELS UNDER SCORPION CELLARS!



PORTIA MUST OWN THE CELLAR, THEY'RE HER PITS!

LET'S CHASE HER ASS DOWN!

WE'VE GOT GCPD UNITS ON THE MOVE, CANARY--SOME OF THOSE TUNNELS GO OUT TO THE BAY, WE'LL TRY NOT TO LOSE HER.



DETECTIVE RENEE MONTOYA?

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? THAT'S YOUR CONTACT?

DO YOU WANT HOROSCOPE BEHIND BARS OR NOT?! I DIRECTED COPS TO HER, NOT YOU.

WE SAVED ANOTHER GIRL'S LIFE TONIGHT.



NOW
GET
OUT OF
HERE!

I'LL
WAIT FOR
THE COPS
WITH THE GIRL--
THEY'LL WANT
TO QUESTION
HER.



HEY.
HELP WILL
BE HERE
SOON.

WHAT'S
YOUR
NAME?

M-MONICA...



YEAH.
COPS.

YOU'RE
IN GREAT
HANDS,
MONICA.



HEY,
CANARY! THIS
HERE THE
VICTIM?

OFFICER
MONTONA,
THIS IS
MONICA.

I
CAN'T STICK
AROUND...



"...I SHOULDN'T
REALLY BE SEEN
WITH THE COPS
RIGHT NOW."



THE STARS ARE
PREDICTABLE...



...BUT
WOMEN ARE
FICKLE.



THIS IS
WHY WE HAVE
THE STARS AS
OUR GUIDE. WITH
THE HEAVEN'S
FIRMAMENT,
BELLAS...



...WE CAN
ALWAYS
CHANGE
FOR THE
BETTER.

TO BE
CONTINUED!

THE WONDER WAR BEGINS IN

#31

WONDER WOMAN

ALL HAIL THE MATRIARCH



ALL IN

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**BLACK
LABEL**



“This killer has a RITUAL.”

Introducing Gotham's most eligible bachelorettes...for at least a little while longer! Catwoman's been playing cat and mouse with her two favorite boy toys—Bruce Wayne and the Dark Knight himself, Batman. Harley Quinn's recently single and committed only to her hot girl era. Poison Ivy just wants to enjoy a little solitude...as long as her best friend Harley's there to enjoy it with her. And then there's Black Canary—engaged to the love of her life, Green Arrow. But the closer they get to the wedding day, the more it feels like they might not be so written in the stars after all.

But a killer has begun to stalk the streets of Gotham City...a killer of women. And when Black Canary realizes that stopping the murders requires more criminal company than she's used to keeping, she reluctantly teams up with the infamous Catwoman, Harley, and Ivy for the hunt. But working together across enemy lines will prove harder than your average superhero team-up. Will these scintillating sirens be able to form an alliance to protect the women of Gotham? Or will their differences spell their own doom?